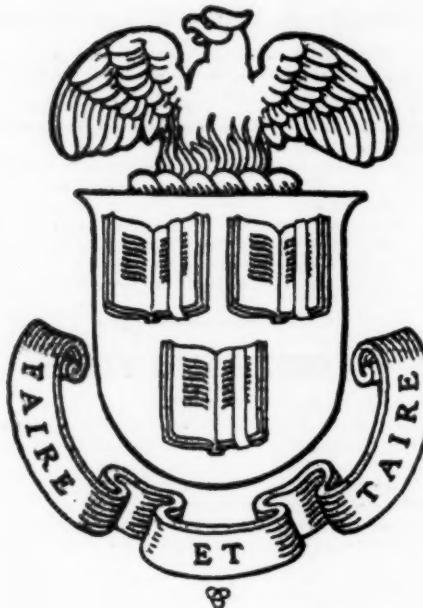


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SEMI-MONTHLY

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NOTES

M. R. BRYAN is a young person of the most engaging courage in his melancholy. It requires great buoyancy of disposition to find anything calamitous in the present physical situation of the country, but Mr. Bryan has such an abundant store of reasons for believing that the world is going to the deuce that he has almost convinced us that the more we have the less we have, and that if a farmer is poor with wheat at fifty cents, he is twice as poor with wheat at a dollar. We say almost. There are still some difficulties in the way of logic to be overcome, as well as certain superficial manifestations of prosperity from the banks, the railways, and the condition of the farmer's stomach. In truth, this inverted Mark Tapley clung too long to free silver, and now he knows it, for silver having faded from the sight of the "masses of the population," he has no familiar resort but the initiative and referendum, whereof the principle is not gay, and the pronunciation is far from easy to the corner philosopher. Thus day by day, in spite of his youth and his happy, happy, happy misery, Mr. Bryan sinks in authority with his own party. Apparently, the time has come for bolder men, and it is not surprising to find ex-Governor Altgeld once more attracting attention as a national leader. Altgeld always has been cynical of silver, of the platitudes of the old democrats of the Missouri school, and especially of Bryan. He does not conceal his contempt for the sentimental youth, and he has openly abandoned his allegiance to the holy cause of free coinage. His is the true spirit of the revolutionist, and he is not merely a bold demagogue, but a patient, calculating, and really able politician. Barring accident, he will dominate the councils of his party much more clearly next year than he did last, and the free-silver plank, if it find any place at all in the democratic platforms, will be secondary to a demand for government ownership of "natural monopolies" and restriction of the powers of the federal courts.

All Altgeld's ability as the leader of a doubtful cause will be called into action to reunite the scattered fragments of the party. It is admitted by Mr. Altgeld himself that the democrats have slight hope of recovering ground in the North this fall. Ohio is conceded to the republicans, and in Iowa, where a few months ago the verdict of last fall

seemed certain to be reversed, the high prices of grain have suddenly revived the amiability of the farmers, who were disposed to look upon republican government as a "blooming blank." This is not exactly an unmixed blessing, for if ever a party deserved rebuke for corruption and violation of pledges it is the republican party of Iowa. The patience of the political reformer is sorely tried by the futility of attempts to win a victory anywhere that is not half a defeat, for the overthrow of populism last year means Platt in New York, Quay in Pennsylvania and the unspeakable Tanner in Illinois, and this year means Hanna in Ohio and an indorsement of petty larceny by republican officials in Iowa. To the comparatively small number of intelligent persons who care for politics we seem to be forever dodging out of the jaws of anarchy into the maw of spoils politics, yet maintaining an optimism amid murrain and whippings that would do credit to Dr. Pangloss in the tale.

THE OUTBREAK on the frontier of British India is the most serious rebellion the British Government has had to deal with in its Asiatic provinces since 1887. Indeed it seems to be even more disturbing to the confidence of the Indian office than the simultaneous petty revolts in Burma, Sikkim and the Punjab. The source of the mischief is as yet an acute mystery to the political agents, and the home authorities are all at sea. One party declares that the concerted uprising of the warlike tribes is due to the occupation of Chitral; another, that it is the first manifestation of a world-wide Mohammedan feud against Great Britain, growing out of the miserable tangle at Constantinople. Of course the partisans of the latter view are again divided into factions, one asserting that Lord Salisbury went too far in coercing the Sultan; the other, that he did not go far enough. A strong minority of the authorities insist that the attempt to follow Lord Beaconsfield's advice and establish a "scientific instead of a haphazard frontier" too far north, accounts for the tumults, and these critics bring a great mass of evidence in support of their theory. The divergence of views, not only in England but in India as well, as to the source of the outbreak, suggests the need of a greater number of Stricklands and Sholto Douglasses in the Indian government, for it is apparent that the heart of India is as little understood by the English as it was forty years ago. Neither Chitral nor the venom of Abdul Hamid explains the sombre discontent of the Hindoos, which the Indian government is now meeting with *lettres de cachet* and other appliances of an early civilization. For some reason unknown to western minds, the fluid mass under the lava crust is seething, and only the utmost vigor and alertness on the part of the authorities can prevent the year 1898 from being one of heart breaking trials for the British people. It must

be conceded that they have met the present crisis with courage and firmness that atone in some degree for their blunders. There was no hesitation after the situation became menacing. The energy with which the government descended upon the Ameer of Afghanistan for an explanation of the turbulence of his subjects instantly convinced the grandson of Dost Mohammed Khan that trifling with the British Government is a pastime not to be indulged too openly, and the whole spirit of the English people at the present moment recalls Kipling's lines:

An' when the war began we chased the bold Afghan,
An' we made th' bloomin' Ghazi for to flee, boys, O!
An' we marched into Kabul an' we took the Balar
'Issar,
An' we taught 'em to respec' the British soldier.

DR. ANDREWS having received more than his share of the advertising that is the meed of pretentious ignorance, having been sent out of Brown in anger and called back in grief, and having made an opportunity for the consideration of a score of unknown teachers of a second-rate college as learned men, finally has announced his decision. Reluctantly, nay even tearfully, he bids farewell, a newspaper says, to "the classic shades of Brown." (The classic shades of Brown!) He will join Mr. J. Brisben Walker in the direction of the "Cosmopolitan University"—a "university extension" to the Walker magazine—a Venetian façade for a woodshed. We always have held that Mr. Walker could atone for his many sins against literature and art by giving alms liberally, but we hardly think the wide diffusion of E. Benjamin Andrews will square the account with fate. At any rate, we may rejoice that the "incident is closed." It never was very important except as a subject for lazy copy—a use to which we hungrily devoted it. It promoted Brown University temporarily from the degraded position of a Baptist school to a false eminence as a real institution of learning; it demonstrated that the manufacture of boots is not the best path to the spiritual life by exposing Congressman Walker naked to the wondering gaze of the world; it gave a great number of hitherto unsuspected persons an opportunity to discover their perfectly valueless notions of "freedom of opinion." Otherwise it was chiefly a matter of concern to Mr. Walker, who, by taking President Andrews to his bosom—*in gremio universitatis*—has scored his second literary triumph. His first was to send a young woman to travel around the world in seventy days, subsisting on chewing gum.

"I COUNT IT a great happiness," writes an English correspondent, who has mixed a good deal with actors on both sides of the Atlantic, "that I was enabled last year to make the acquaintance of Mrs. John Drew. She was playing at the time in Chi-

cago with Joseph Jefferson, the last tour I suppose she ever made. The slyness and ease and delicacy of her rendering of Mrs. Malaprop, showed me the source of her son's distinguishing qualities. Nothing could have been richer in humor, more natural, more entirely free from any taint of stageyness, more exquisitely restrained. It remains on my memory as one of the few finished masterpieces of contemporary acting, and Mrs. John Drew was as charming at the supper table as she had been on the stage. She had a most alert mind, and the keenest possible appreciation of a good thing, with the quick, decided way of talking that usually belongs to those delightful old ladies who can afford to make sport of old age. I saw her again in New York on the opening night of *Rosemary*, when she went behind the scenes to congratulate Mr. John Drew on his capital success. Mother and son looked remarkably alike in the absence of Mr. Drew's moustache, and the little figure in black seemed quietly amused when the resemblance was noted. She looked and talked as one having authority, an authority that she, and everyone else, felt belonged of right to the mother of the American stage."

"Am I right," asks the same correspondent, "in supposing that the drama in America holds a rather lower place than it has won for itself in England? The men at the top of the profession in London seem to me to be far more serious about their art, far more intellectually interested in it, and therefore far more respected and sought after socially than even the foremost actors in New York. Men like Irving, Tree, Wyndham, George Alexander and Bancroft, are to be met with everywhere in London society. The Prince of Wales has often climbed the rickety staircase leading to the Beefsteak Room of the Lyceum Theatre, where young George IV and his fellow roisterers grilled their steaks and drank each his three bottles of port before setting out to make a night of it. And you will meet there, under the incomparable presidency of Sir Henry Irving, pretty nearly every man and woman of note in London. If there were a Beefsteak Room at the Empire in New York, would the Four Hundred condescend to go to it? I doubt it very much. Again, London actors are expected to do something besides act. Irving is continually writing and lecturing on the drama and the training of actors. Tree and Alexander have both delivered addresses before literary societies of first rate standing on Shakespeare and the theory and practice of acting. Pinero and Grundy and Henry Arthur Jones are constantly asked to speak on playwriting, and always rouse a good deal of discussion. Has Mr. Sothern ever written an article on Anthony Hope for the *North American Review*? I am not sure, but again I should doubt it? Has Mr. Drew ever lectured on the hidden secrets of his

art? Has Mr. Hoyt or Mr. Gillette? Would their lives be worth living if they were to try? The intolerable amount of vulgar trash that is written in New York about actors and actresses, their personal appearance, and their lives at home has made the American public look on them, as far as I can see, in the light of licensed jesters, mere playthings for the amusement of the matinee-girl and other democratic institutions. The newspaper press would simply not allow them to lapse into seriousness. It follows naturally that London critics treat plays and performers with considerably more respect than is shown to either in New York. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Archer, Mr. A. B. Walkley and Clement Scott seem to me to write with more grasp and understanding than any American I have read, except Mr. William Winter, whom I would place with Clement Scott as easily below the other three. Altogether, though of course I may be quite wrong, the English drama appears to be far sounder, intellectually and socially, than the American."

IT WOULD BE the merest affectation on our part were we to deny responsibility for the general improvement that has been visible in the last few numbers of *The Bookman*. Our patient efforts to teach that popular periodical the alphabet of style and good manners were known from Maine to California, and a good deal of sympathy was expressed with us on account of the refractory disposition of the young scholar. Indeed, at one time we confess we lost heart ourselves. That was when *The Bookman* informed the greatest living writer on naval topics that he was afraid to tell the truth about the War of 1812 because the hostesses of London had been so kind to him; and followed this up by making an outrageous personal attack on the character of a prominent lady novelist, and again by stealing a column or so from an old English newspaper and passing it off as its own. That was very disheartening; indeed, for the moment, it seemed quite hopeless. *The Bookman* had reached a very critical point in its career. Was it to sink to the level of a literary *Town Topics*, or keep on its old plane of comparatively decent commonplace? We persevered, and *The Bookman* is itself again, the same entirely foolish, ignorant, *bourgeois* production that it used to be, but cleanly and respectable. Professor Peck, of Columbia College, should have some of the credit for this transformation. He has ceased to write for it. It is said that Mr. Low, the president of the college, asked him, as a personal favor, to drop all connection with *The Bookman*. Mr. Low is running for the mayoralty of Greater New York, and saw at once that he stood no chance of success if it became known that one of his staff was responsible for anything that appeared in *The Bookman's* pages. Professor Peck, it is added, held out for a long time, but gave way at last beneath the pressure of the

Citizens' Union and the Republican machine, his unconditional retirement being the only point on which these two bodies could agree. *The Bookman*, left to itself, may now continue to announce the publication of new books and print photographs of dead authors and their houses with ample security.

MR. HALL CAINE has played what the *Saturday Review* unrestrainedly calls "that greasy trump card which we all knew to be up his sleeve," in the shape of two letters from Mr. Gladstone, written in purest Gladstonese, to express his "warm respect and admiration" for Mr. Hall Caine's "conduct." By doing so Mr. Caine has happily sealed the fate of his book. Mr. Gladstone's eulogies are always and persistently opposed to the judgments of real critics; his praises are the sure forerunners of an early death. No book has ever lived a year after Mr. Gladstone has poured out his postcards on it. A man who is Chauncey M. Depew, Grover Cleveland, W. D. Howells, Mr. Parkhurst, the New York *Evening Post*, and the Peace Society rolled into one, cannot be blamed if his literary faculties have become somewhat blunted. The pity is that he should be used as an advertising medium at all. His puffs have long been those of the literary adder, causing intelligent men to go elsewhere at once. Only writers who have exhausted every other method of log-rolling now dream of applying to Mr. Gladstone for help. Nothing could damn Mr. Caine more effectually than his precipitate appeal to this last resource of the commonplace megalomaniac; nothing could damn his book more hopelessly than the fact that Mr. Gladstone has seen fit to praise it.

THAT IRREPRESSIBLE NUISANCE, Mr. James Knapp Reeve, the conductor of a literary bureau in the wilds of Franklin, Ohio, has the misfortune to appear in print in the current number of his own magazine, *The Editor*. His article completely gives away his pretensions to sit in judgment on the manuscripts of other people. A man who does not know the difference between "avocation" and "vocation," who in writing a modern prose article talks of "a statuary" when he means "a sculptor," and can write down "Thus is acquired facility and diversity," is educationally hopeless. We have exposed more than once Reeve's methods of business and the impossibility of his being able to do anything for writers that they cannot do equally well for themselves. To strand a third-rate lady scribbler among a crowd of fifth-rate papers, and pocket a handsome commission on the transaction, is the Reeve notion of helping literature. Yet it is astonishing the number of dupes that the man finds waiting for him. They are of course almost all women, in small up-country villages, too lazy or ignorant to learn even the rudiments of their craft. *The Editor* is probably the

most pathetically amusing newspaper ever published. Frenzied correspondents complain in it of editors who fold and refold their precious manuscripts, "thereby destroying their marketable value." None of Mr. Reeve's clients dream of getting an article accepted at once. They really prefer to have it returned to them at least half a dozen times, so that they can enter the dates of its pilgrimages in specially prepared note-books. That is how Mr. Reeve teaches them to be business-like.

BECAUSE NEW YORK is the biggest of our cities, because it is the only place where a play can have a really long run, and chiefly because a long run in New York is a tremendous "boom" for a play when it starts "on tour," Mr. Charles Frohman has decided that it would be foolish for him to allow New York's own preferences in the matter to have anything to do with the success of plays in that metropolis. If he decides to have a play run for six months, run for six months it shall, if it loses money for half the time. This loss will all be made good in Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia. Mr. Frohman, who is a born despot, acts with the intolerance of a Chicago Chief of Police towards decent citizens, and New York is expected to play an obedient part in the game of "Simon says, 'thumbs up,'" even if its reputation for intelligent critical ability be entirely undermined.

Under the Red Robe is starting its career outside New York with a great whoop and hurrah and a story of its nine months run in that city. Now it is no special secret among those who are at all on the inside in theatrical matters, that the play made money for perhaps half that time, and steadily lost money for the management from them on to the end. We do not complain of this as dishonest or even foolish on the part of Mr. Frohman. It is a kind of bogus testimonial to be sure, and it was a "sharp" bit of management, but we suppose Mr. Frohman can justify himself as well as any of our speculators in stocks and grain, on the strictest business principles. And Mr. Frohman's conduct of one of the great arts is always on business principles.

It is only fair, however, that the so-called "provincial cities" which are to be favored with a visitation of the *Red Robe* should be warned that under the circumstances they must be absolutely independent in their judgments of the play. If it had really run on its merits in New York, whatever one may think of that town's criticism, it would be extremely silly not to allow that its success meant something. But as it is, each town must trust to itself and to Tom, Dick, and Harry, the local critics.

IT WILL BE SURPRISING if any serious student of the modern drama takes *Under the Red Robe* seriously. It is admirable and exciting melodrama, but melodrama is not generally considered

seriously. There is no attempt on the part of Mr. Edward Rose, who adapted the play, to disguise its character. The actors, however, possibly because of inexperience in these matters, and their habit of acting in more ambitious attempts, fail to attain all the conventional melodramatic effects, and even at times seem to be playing their rôles as if they thought them studies of character. But this should deceive no one long.

Granting it is melodrama, the play has great merits. It is extremely well constructed. The suspense is kept up to the very last; the last act, marvelous to relate, bores no one. There are no covert introductions of vaudeville sketches; almost every line really has to do with the play. There is plenty of incident and a picturesque, if now-a-days extremely common, setting of mediæval castles and slashed doublets. *Under the Red Robe* probably deserved at least a quarter of the welcome which Mr. Frohman forced New York to give it.

WE THINK it has nowhere been announced that Mme. Bernhardt intends playing Hamlet this coming winter. She is to have a new prose version which Marcel Schwob and the poet Moraud are now engaged in preparing at the little village of Valoins in Seine-et-Marne. This plan of the great actress is, for English-speaking people about the most interesting thing she has ever done. Hamlet is our own test rôle of an actor, and to see what a woman, and a Frenchwoman at that, will make of it, will be curious.

CORRESPONDENCE DU MAURIER'S MUSIC AND DEATH

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.
Sept. 5, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK,

DEAR SIR:—I see that the writer of "Literary Notes," in the current number of *Munsey's Magazine* seems to be under the impression that Mr. Du Maurier's lines on *Music and Death* are original. You may be inclined to do this literary critic the service of introducing to his notice the well-known poem of Sully-Prudhomme, beginning

Vous qui m' aiderez dans mon agonie
Ne me dites rien;

Faites que j' entende un peu d' harmonie,

Et je mourrai bien,

of which Mr. Du Maurier's version is a paraphrase rather than a translation.

Mr. Du Maurier—or *Munsey's* literary critic—appears to have neglected the verse beginning,

La musique enchanter, apaise, délie
Des choses d' en-bas.

and the whole rendering into English is in my opinion singularly diffuse and wordy as compared with the direct and plaintive original.

Yours faithfully,
PONSONBY OGLE.

[The passage in *Munsey's* referred to is as follows: The following poem by George Du Maurier illustrates, as perhaps nothing else could, the passionate devotion of the artist author to music. He has called it *Music and Death*, and coming, as it did, so soon before he joined the great majority, it appears particularly significant:

Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,
Waste not any words on me when the hour is
nigh;
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet
player,
And meekly will I lay my head and fold my
hands to die.

Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling,
Words that weary and perplex, and pander and
conceal;
Wake the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet
beguiling—
The language one need fathom not, but only
hear and feel.

Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my
hearing,
Like waves upon some lonely beach where no
craft anchoreth;
That I may steep my soul therein, and craving
nought, nor fearing,
Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through
a dream to death.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE AND THE SCHOOLS

CHICAGO, September 5, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK,

DEAR SIR:—The subject of "literary plays" and their value in the scheme of universal education naturally arises with the re-opening of each dramatic season, and there are some points in connection with it which do not seem generally considered. One you have yourself already noted. The presentation of plays distinctly literary in tone must depend, for the present at least, upon the better among our schools of acting, as the independent theatre which would prove the natural and logical solution of this vital problem is not yet a realized fact. While we are waiting for this interesting institution it is good to know that there do exist in the great centres of population conservatories and schools which, although founded on a commercial basis, are able to give a place to the highest and best forms of the plays of

to-day—plays which scorn the convention of stage weaknesses, and which are written independent of what popular whim may demand—the so-called "literary plays." It is through these institutions, dramatic conservatory, that the Ibsen masterpieces of the nineteenth-century drama, the less known plays of Shakespeare, and the classic drama are saved to the stage for occasional representation, even though it be at the hands of players who are still undergoing development for the professional field. The value of the conservatories, compared with the independent theatre, need not be discussed here. It is enough to know that in the absence of the latter the former struggles bravely to do its best, and I believe has its good influences. It would be a great encouragement to those who are attempting this work if the great number of people who loudly proclaim their readiness to support an "independent theatre" would in the interval give more consideration than they do to work which the students of acting are trying to do all over the country.

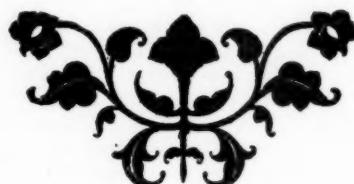
The critics, who are, on the whole, desperately afraid of advances, usually limit their criticism to a never-ceasing chorus of questions: "Why these so-called literary plays? Why the gloomy, problem-seeking *Master Builder*, *The Intruder*, *John Gabriel Borkman*, etc., etc.? Why this latter-day school which has abandoned the solid meat of Shakespeare for the garnishments of a new dramatic cookery? Why enter into league with the faddists? Why should not the dramatic student exercise his developing talents upon a familiar play rather than upon those things popularly regarded as impossible to penetrate beneath the surface?" The answer seems to me to be as easy as it is logical. In it also lies the explanation of the policy of the better conservatories, and likewise the reason why the dramatic school, when conducted along artistic lines, is in a measure to-day taking the place of the much-needed but never forthcoming self-assertive theatre. When the instructor undertakes to train the undeveloped talent of the amateur in the art of acting, he has at hand a mass of pliable material, capable of being fashioned into almost any form. The question arises, "Shall this training be along the traditional lines, or shall it be led into new fields, best calculated to stimulate imagination and give artistic appreciation its fullest scope?" To adopt continually the familiar and traditional tools will be to follow the work of centuries, and to substitute for imagination and individual perception a tendency to imitation. The novice in acting, anxious to emulate the successes of the actors who have preceded him, is naturally imbued with their ideas. One who attempts to portray a Hamlet or a Shylock is naturally familiar with the Hamlets and Shylocks of tradition, and, unconsciously following tradition, is cut off from the free sweep of his own imagination. In a sense he is bound to be restricted. Inadvertently he portrays the character keyed to other portraiture

instead of dissecting and analyzing it as it comes to him at first hand from the imagination of the poet.

The dramatic schools are aiming to avoid these dangers and difficulties by substituting for the conventional and familiar dramas, plays which have grown up with advancing ideas along new lines.

Without attempting any discussion of the intrinsic merit of Ibsen as a dramatist, it is the opinion of the managers of the conservatories that his characters in the hands of a sincere student of acting are quite sure to afford him the best instruments for his imaginative forces; there are no set traditions to block out the course before him. The mainsprings of his action are afforded him by the dramatist, and upon how well he grapples with them and how faithfully he may interpret them in action, depends his rising progress. At least he is not hampered by tradition. Once taught the self-reliance which is the natural result of his own investigation, in a comparatively untrodden field, he is then more capable to revert to the well known characters of tradition and invest and infuse them with his own imagination. This then is the reason why the conservatories in the frequent performances by their students have turned away from the plays of Shakespeare and other familiar classic dramas. It is unjust to assume that in the turning they offer a bid to faddism, and a striving toward extremes and the distorted and unnatural to stimulate public interest. Faddism in dramatic art is a short lived as faddism on paper or on canvas. It is not the extremes that have been striven for but rather those plays which are not hampered by the traditions of the past. Whether audiences are attracted by these performances is, after all, quite a secondary consideration. The schools have utilized the best of the least traditional, the least hampered of the dramas, in an effort to reach a given end. The supporters of the theory of the independent theatre, are credited generally as being the supporters of the new school of the literary plays. Their taste and the taste of several of the best dramatic schools conform, but the union is entirely a chance one. If the dramatic school is for a time occupying the field of the independent or endowed theatre, it is not that the dramatic school and the independent theatre form a coalition of faddists, but that both are seekers for what they believe is to prove most sustaining and most elevating to a noble art.

ANNA MORGAN.



AN APPEAL TO OLYMPUS

AN author should be humble—it would seem—of all men in the world. There are forgotten lives that make it an idle thing to dip one's pen in immortality. Lives that are being lived before our eyes, make it an evasion to write a great book. It can but loom over one day after day, edition after edition. "Have you lived me yet?" One thinks of John Brown, with his big unworded life buried beneath its boulder in the hills. It were better to have men coming, span after span, like this,—to visit one's grave with its dull, dumb, clumsy witness—to be remembered for what one could not say.

The first sad thing in the world is to have been born—some say. The second is not to have lived, to have written one's life instead. Immortality is a dead and hollow joy. The footsteps of one's children's children flocking to one's grave—what matters it?

BORN— DIED—

a MAN. Is not an author "a man?" Not to the world, nor his grave the grave of a man. It is the landmark of a printed book. The granite stone that is placed at his head is the Mecca of a masterpiece.

A dull bargain, it may have been, with the gods, that life should be the price of art, but things being as they are, why seek to be immortal in a world that forgets what it really loves, and remembers what it can not understand? Phillips Brooks, a man who could not take the time to be immortal out of being loved, has been dead four years. It is already incredible to those who have felt the stir of his life and the omnipresence of his name—that we see it so seldom now, as if already forgetting had commenced. Is it not a dull world, in which paper books, and painted canvases, and sounds and symphonies, by the measure of immortality, can, one by one, displace a man like this?

Men's souls, like other old treasures that belong to us—even eternal ones,—must needs be gathered to us at just the right moment it seems, through just the right man, or they slip by the vision of the world into its life, into its vast tangle, its namelessness. That the unsung ones are with us, we do not doubt. But we do not say "Here is Savonarola" and "There goes the spirit of Joan of Arc," and "I met Bronson Alcott this morning." We know the unwritten lives—the Chatterton ones and Alcott ones, are living yet, that Life has transmitted them, that, nameless, they walk with us, struggling with us, Forces, Tendencies, Elements, Institutions, Hereditaries; but to lose a life even in Life; to be a Tendency were pitiful enough, if there be no Plato for Socrates, no John to make a book of Jesus, no Carlyle to rescue Cromwell from his dumbness, no Homer to keep Achilles for us. The silent doing ones, the great personalities that make a portrait gallery of the

world, where were they, where were the world, where were anything—did not these faces crowd around us and bid us live?

Browning may be a row of books, well enough. St. Augustine can speak for himself, a Rousseau tells his whims forever, Heine wills his soul to posterity; but the dumb men, the men that make the life that literature is about—what is human speech for, and the glory of it, but to save us these, that they may come down the vagueness of the years, not as elements or hereditaries, but as the faces of brothers, forever the witness of truth to us, bringing from afar the hope and the dream of the dead?

To which of us, as he sees a great life slipping from its moorings, shall there not be a grudge against the world, piling and unpiling its bales upon the wharves, blind until too late, until the wash of the sea is there, and the empty place—soon not even the empty place? Would any one have thought that the name of Phillips Brooks could be dinned in four short years out of the public mind, that so little should have been written about him, that memorial services would be his biography, that in the faces on Copley Square, that filed all day by the bier, should be written and scattered upon the street the world's last record of a man like this?

It is a dull world. It commits to memory the morbidity of a genius. Nothing about him is overlooked. His gifted foolishness is made immortal, his fopperies are studied in our schools. His sins are classics. Will never a man of genius save for us—not himself—sated genius is commonplace—but some giant common man, heroically like the rest of us—massed into the greatness we have missed, some Phillips Brooks?—exalted, interpreted, writ across a thousand years, literature to be made out of him, human life to be sown with him, that there may be to the world at last, with its hectic ideals, its romance, its dainty pity of itself, an idealism that men without genius can live?

The indictment of genius must ever be its aloofness, its Olympian absentmindedness, its turning its back upon the ungifted world, its eternal talking about itself. In the humdrum of the sublime, over and over again—the same little round of the extraordinary—will they never grow weary—these gods?

Shall it never be that these shall come with wondering humility at last into the open of the great common human heart, that weary of preserving again and yet again, just so much more of the immortally impossible, the immortally odd, their vision shall be set upon The Practicable Great Man, shall take for its task the unfinished masterpiece of Christ, shall shine upon the generations a great common soul, shall make him immortal with the immortality that genius has kept for itself? Then watch, ye gods! Homers, Virgils, singers to yourselves! To your private Olympus shall come a Brother of the Dust, giftless, common, uplifted, to reside with you. From beneath the clouds we shall call you comrades then.

GERALD STANLEY LEE.

THE TUMBRILS

VERY soft and fascinating, in a glory of bright weather, are those great, blue hills through which comes down that western Rhine, the Ohio. There are deep and narrow valleys among high tops of green. Great woods still murmur in the superb monotony of their dreams. The breezes in July are living things, unseen presences, bodies of moving lustre, drifting on the face of the earth. The hollow of the sky is suffused with gold.

But summer is not always. The winds blow and the rains descend. The earth in winter is smitten with a great fear, and the stormy sighing of its innumerable hollows is like the crying of many spirits in the midst of the great deep. The treetops toss like seas; the glens roar like torrents. There is little snow, but on every upland a bare, brown loneliness fit for witches' carnivals.

As is the land, so is its history. To a careless eye it may seem calm enough, but upon it is the shadow of the thunder cloud. It has bits of forgotten romance that are like echoes of the Vikings. These fragments of a mightier possibility lie hidden in the vale of the Ohio as the ghost of the winter storm haunts dreamily all the golden hollows of its summer woods.

It is the Vale of Many Legends. Grim figures loom out of the mists of things and troop silently down the bosom of the Ohio. French courier, British trapper, far away river pirate flying from the wrath of man, Indian and missionary, madcap adventurers, still counting time from the year seventeen hundred: all these, in fancy, drive their haunted canoes westward, forever westward, to this day. And in their wake roars a billow of fanatical enthusiasm, the clash of conviction at close quarters; the Underground Railway; the Divine Right of Slavery; fleeing contrabands, with the Ohio for a Jordan. Finally, the whole air fills with wars and rumors of wars; sentries are on guard at Cincinnati; the city swarms with soldiers, ever pouring into it from the North, ever pouring out of it toward the South; the red waves of battle flow toward it and ebb back, ebb and flow, and twice dash themselves upon its gates. About such a core of Legends the dreamy landscape of the Vale of the Ohio is but the silken mantle over rusted iron armor.

I had been holding forth upon all this to my friend Dalton, the writer. We were lounging along the street through Sedamsville, a village on the Ohio just west of the City—our city, the free city of Cincinnati, which belongs neither to Ohio, nor to Kentucky, but to itself and its haunted river. We had been talking about the internal dissensions which had divided Cincinnati during the war, and now give it, in our eyes, almost such an interest as have the lesser cities of Italy.

"It was a grim time," said Dalton, "and a stubborn generation. You remember that old woman picking rags in the gutter a while ago and crooning, 'It is great for our country to die!'"

I nodded.

"She's no better than an idiot," said Dalton. "Drink and poverty are to blame. But also something else. I have always believed she started that way the night of the burning of the hay wagons, which I call the tumbrils. I have talked with her by the hour, and wormed the story out of her bit by bit. You know about Jane Rockfield, don't you, and her two brothers, who were spies, and Colonel Deligman, and the fight on Bold Face Water?"

"Only vaguely, as every one knows it," said I.

"I have all the details at last. That woman was Jane Rockfield's servant, Sally Bloss. Do you want to hear?"

Of course I wanted the story.

"Come along, then, and I'll tell you."

We crossed the street to a little beer garden that had an arbor on one side with a thin attempt at grapevines crawling over it. There was enough of mottled shadow to make the arbor comfortable, and the beer when it was brought to us was as cold as ice. We had views north and south and west, if we chose to look for them: north, along the very road on which stood Jane Rockfield's house; south, through an orchard to the Ohio; west, along the Lower River Road into Riverside, where Dalton lived. Across the way, a woman in a bright blue apron was sitting at a doorway, knitting. A group of children were playing in the street, and laughing in high, thin voices.

"And this," said Dalton, "is my story,"

And here follows in my prosaic version what he told me:

In the midst of the civil war there was a woman named Jane Rockfield, a widow, who lived on the western edge of Sedamsville overlooking Bold Face Creek. She was not a lady, neither was she young. But she was famous for her good looks. She was tall, straight, brusque, with hard, black eyes and a tuneless voice—hers was a stern, immobile beauty like a man's. She had a name for being vindictive.

Jane Rockfield had two brothers, Robert and Edward Landus. Both of them were in the Confederate service. They were connected with that desperate system of secret postoffices which had its headquarters at Cincinnati, and by means of which the Confederacy communicated unsuspected with a host of northern sympathizers. Both men were coming and going constantly on the north bank of the Ohio, and oftentimes were in danger of their lives. They had lain in hiding with the pursuit hot on all sides of them. Jane's abiding terror was that they would be caught and hanged as spies. It was not the death she feared, but the cold shame of hanging.

Her own sympathies were violently with the South. In defense of the Confederacy, her strong

face would glow stormily, her voice become harsher even than itself, her full lip curl with scorn. But she was discreet and avoided discussions. Only when her temper had run away with her, which was seldom, did she speak her mind. She dared not do otherwise, for on any dark night Robert or Edward might slip along the back way into her house and lie concealed there for a week.

The creek, which becomes an estuary in the Spring when the Ohio is in flood, was within stone's throw of Jane Rockfield's door. A steep hill comes down from the eastward at the back of her garden, and at the top of the hill is a wood. The road past her windows runs along the creek, twining up and up, among farms and waste places, to nameless little hamlets in the hills. In any direction, by wood, or hill, or water, escape for a hunted spy was likely to be possible.

The house was a store. Hay, feed, and groceries were its merchandise. It had been the property of Jane's husband, and originally part of it had been a bar. Though Jane had given up the bar, one of her two front doors was still surmounted by the sign, "Wine and Beer." She lived, apart from her business, on the second floor, along with her slatternly servant, Sally Bloss. They had a parlor, a kitchen, two bedrooms, and overhead a garret, reached by ladder and a trap-door. It was in the garret that the spies were hidden.

Now, in the Spring of '63, Edward Landus got into unusually hot water. He escaped, indeed, from Cincinnati, and took to the hills; but he was sick and wounded, and his attempts to cross the Ohio were futile. One night a beggar-man clad in rags stumbled down the hillside and crawled over the back wall into Jane Rockfield's garden. It was Edward.

When the two women had got him to the loft and hidden him there, and he had somewhat recovered, he told his tale. He carried information of utmost weight. Wires had been tapped, ciphers stolen, and could he but escape to the South, he could carry to the Confederates the secret plans of the Northern armies. His brother was somewhere near, on the south bank of the Ohio, and he must be summoned at once.

Jane accordingly mounted a signal. There were two flagstaffs on her place, and when a flag flew from the eastward one it meant "Keep away," but from the westward it meant "Come here." Some one who understood was pretty sure to see the signal and carry word to her brother.

But fate was against Jane Rockfield. That very night six companies of infantry and a battery of artillery, under command of Colonel Deligman, came out from Cincinnati, and were quartered among the houses along Bold Face Water.

It was a fine, starry night, clear and soft, with a warm shimmer in the distance. The Ohio was almost over its banks, and the estuary of the creek

glimmered wide and luminous, stretching back among the hills like a lake. The stars slept in it fathoms down. Scattered houses on the farther shore cast faint yellow reflections into velvety depths of shadow.

"No danger of being taken on the flank here," laughed Deligman, drawing rein before the Rockfield store. Then he shouted:

"Hello, there, bring us something to drink!"

He had seen the lettering "Wine and Beer" above the disused door of Jane's house.

Jane herself was in terror.

"For God's sake, Sally," she whispered, "take the man some whisky. Perhaps he'll go if he gets it."

"I can't," whimpered Sally; "I'm afraid."

"Are ye dead?" thundered Deligman, from the road. "Hello, you, whoever you are, wake up and bring me a drink."

He leaned over and pounded on the shut door with the scabbard of his saber. Sally peeked through a window, saw the irregular line of bayonets twinkling in the dusk far to north and south; officers in the lamplight of open doors demanding the accommodations of houses; lanterns moving here and there; the huge figure of the colonel sitting on his horse and pounding at their own door.

"I can't go, oh, I can't," she whined.

"You coward," exclaimed Jane; "I'll go myself."

Sally clung to her skirts and tried to stop her. She perceived dimly that beauty ought not to venture out to meet that blustering soldier. But Jane shook her off, though her heart was in her mouth, found a bottle of whisky, and went out into the road.

"You're slow enough, Lord knows," began Deligman. "Whe-e-w!"

He had ended with a whistle, and had already stared the women out of countenance. Her tall figure rose majestic in the soft dark of the night. A lantern in a soldier's hand threw its light on her face, and Deligman's eye took in the full of her lowering beauty.

"Well, my lady, here's your health," he said, as he drank the whisky. "I'd wait that long any time to see such a barmaid at the end of it."

The woman looked at him straight, while her eyes lowered.

"I don't sell liquors," said she, "That's an old sign."

"You do n't, eh? Well, then, why did n't you just put your pretty face out of a window and say so? Fond of soldiers, eh?"

Deligman was not an American—he was a Dane, I think—one of those adventurers who were in the army of the Republic, as their ancestors may have been in the armies of Florence or Venice, simply to make their fortunes, and he was a mixture of lawlessness and courage. He swung himself down from his horse and said to a soldier:

"Go, you, tell Squire Sedam I do not come

to stay with him. I make my headquarters here. It is necessary I be with the soldiers."

He added the last with a laugh, as if the lie in it were a joke. The soldier saluted and disappeared. Turning to Jane Rockfield, Deligman said, insolently:

"Now, then, most beautiful kitchen maiden, you shall have my own highness for a lodger. Go before and make way for me."

That was how the soldiers were quartered at Sedamsville, and that was how Colonel Deligman became an inmate of the house of Jane Rockfield. The woman had submitted in an inward tempest, with a vow of vengeance if Fate ever gave her the chance. But she dared make no complaint, because of the spy in her garret. Deligman was given the extra bed-room, and he appropriated the parlor. His meals were served to him there. Sally was not to his eye, and he dismissed her peremptorily, while Jane had always to remain in the room till he was done.

For two days he went no further than rude speeches. But on the third night he was in liquor. Jane brought in his supper and set it down.

"Have ye eaten yourself, Mrs. Beauty?" said he.

"No," said she, sullenly.

"Then ye shall with me."

He caught her by the arm and pulled her down upon his knee. She took her breath almost in a bark, shrank together, then seized his wrist and bit to the bone. He cried out, letting her go, and she darted from the room.

But in Jane Rockfield every personal consideration was swallowed up in devotion to her party. In an instant her rage began to ebb, and she realized that perhaps she had infuriated the Dane. If she had, what might be the consequences to the spy hidden in her garret. She fought with herself ten minutes; then she came back. She flung open the door and appeared before Deligman like a beautiful fury. Her long, jet-black hair, loosened in the struggle, streamed about her shoulders. Her eyes gleamed like black stars. Her brows were sullen as midnight. Her cheeks flamed. Her dress was slightly torn, and all awry just as when she burst from his grasp. She stood an instant looking at him.

The sting of her teeth had sobered Deligman. He had wrapped a handkerchief round his hand and was swearing venomously to himself. Now, his eyes opened wide and he stared at this apparition. Without one word she stalked across the room, pushed aside his hands, sat down upon his knee, and began to eat. Deligman burst into a roar of laughter. He did not look into her eyes; he did not see the merciless scorn in her lip.

But hound as he was, Deligman, when he was not in liquor, was not a fool. He went no further, and Jane got through the next few days without molestation. They were close to Cincinnati, and there were gentlemen among the officers.

Her torment about her brothers, however, increased each day. She still flew the flag from the staff, "Come here," though she knew that she was summoning Robert into the lion's mouth.

At last, he came. It was on the eighth night after the arrival of Deligman's command. A skiff crossed the Ohio, a man landed in some bushes, slunk away along the course of a stream, gained the shelter of the hills, made a wide detour to the north, came down the east side of the Bold Face Water, and into the garden of Jane Rockfield.

Jane herself did not dare to answer his call when he sounded the peculiar owl hoot, which hardly any other ear would detect, but which she knew instantly. In her stead she sent Sally. There was a parley in whispers at the end of the garden, and then Robert Landus slunk away. He did not hear the footfalls of the sentry who had been stalking him.

In the small hours, the two women crept into the stable, and Sally told her news. Robert had listened unmoved to her account of his brother's condition, stood a space without speaking, then, in domineering authority, had given his orders. The next afternoon ten wagons of hay would drive up from the south, across Anderson's ferry at the far end of Riverside, along the Lower River Road, up Bold Face Road, to the Rockfield store. If Deligman had got wind of anything, and was on the lookout, Jane was to go among the wagons and whistle—she could not sing—"It is great for our country to die." If all were well she was to whistle "the Campbells are Coming,"—an unusual tune, but not significant.

"There'll be four men hidden in each load," said Robert, "fifty of us altogether, counting drivers. We'll break out in the middle of the night, kill the sentries round the house, send off Edward with two good men, and the rest play the devil and then cut their way to the ferry. It will look like an ordinary raid."

"But what'll they do to us?" whispered Sally, "they'll hang us both for spies, or shelterin' spies."

"I tell you, nobody will suspect there was any spy on it. And if it should go wrong we'll shoot you both. But you needn't be scared; nobody'll bother about you, whatever happens—you're not worth it. But tell Jane if anything goes wrong I'll see that she does n't run no risk of being captured. There ain't none of us going to get hung, that's one sure thing. I think I see any Landus, man or woman, dangling at the loose end of a Yankee rope and proclaimed a common spy—not if I know myself."

"Mrs. Rockfield said to tell you, if you had any plan like this, to shoot Deligman sure."

"She needn't worry about that," was Robert's last word; "there's going to be a promotion in Deligman's regiment."

But Robert Landus had walked into a trap. If

Sally had been less in a flutter about her own neck she would have noticed that the sentry on the east side of the store was absent when she returned. But she did not notice, and that was their last chance to avert things. Early the next morning, a soldier came to the Rockfield house, and after a word or two Deligman put on his cap, told the man to shut his mouth and follow him. When they were alone by the Bold Face Water, he told the soldier to talk. It was the sentry who had tracked Robert Landus. He knew only that a spy had been in the Rockfield garden and had talked with Sally Bloss. Deligman merely lifted his eyebrows.

That day the Dane drank hard and talked noisily. When the ten haywagons rolled into the yard, that afternoon, he cried out that it was bully God-send, for they would need hay mightily in a few days. Then he flung on his cap, demanded a drink and went to walk.

As he crossed the yard, his quick eye saw that every driver was watching him. He pretended to see a speck on the rifle of the sentry at the gate. He swore loudly, took the rifle from the man's hands, and examined it.

"Look straight in my eyes," he said, under his breath.

The soldier obeyed.

"This is all put on, as you say, so I need not appear to be giving orders. Those are spies; watch them."

The sentry saluted, and Deligman passed out. He spoke to his senior captain, and ordered the whole command to be got under arms.

"Did you notice," said Deligman, "that each of those wagons had five horses, and the number that is frequent is four."

"Yes," said the captain.

Deligman shrugged his shoulders.

"We will watch like cats at a rat hole," he laughed and walked away.

Just as dark was falling he returned to the gate of Jane's yard. The sentry told him that Mrs. Rockfield had been in and out among the wagons examining the hay. She had whistled "The Campbells are Coming." Shortly afterward the drivers had left the yard and gone down the road to the tavern for supper. They were in high good humor, laughing and slapping each other on the back; but talking only under their breath.

"H'm!" said Deligman, "there is no harm in seeing whether that hay is alive or not. Perhaps that song meant something."

He went stealthily to the first wagon and whistled softly—too softly to be heard at the store—"The Campbells are Coming." Then he rubbed his hands.

"The rats are caught," he chuckled.

The tune had been whistled back to him from the heart of the hay.

He went from wagon to wagon with the same result. Then he went chuckling into the road.

Fifteen minutes later the ten drivers were prisoners, gagged and tied, and a cordon of bayonets were silently surrounding the store.

Deligman had returned and called for supper. He had a little game which he meant to play with Jane, something far more entertaining than their encounter that night when he was drunk.

He ate and drank and pretended that the liquor had again mastered him. Jane was waiting on the table. Suddenly he looked up and proposed drunk-enly that they go out and set fire to the hay just for fun.

Her face turned white like stone. The woman of that first carouse rushed to life within her, and her muscles hardened. But what was she to do? To draw his suspicions, to have her house searched meant the death of Edward; to stand still meant the death of Robert.

Without in the road there was the tramp of feet.

"Halt!" cried a voice.

Jane sprang to a window overlooking the yard. Below, in the road, a company had drawn up with their rifles at the position "Ready." Another company was defiling along the south side of the yard. A third was a white line of bayonets at the top of the steep slope beyond the garden. Soldiers were pouring into the house; their feet sounded on the stairway. The wagons were surrounded.

With a groan of helplessness she staggered back. Deligman had dropped the mask. He was smiling at her; his eyes cruel.

"Ah ha, Mrs. Beauty!" he said, "I thought you were part of this game. But look here?"

She shrank against the wall, beautiful, furious, baffled.

He grasped her arm and dragged her toward the window. She struggled, but he simply laughed.

"It is my turn now," said he.

He called to his men:

"Fire the hay. Burn the rats out."

A soldier with a torch in his hand approached the nearest wagon, a corner of the hay was already taking fire, when there burst from the throat of Jane Rockfield a ringing shriek of agony.

"It is great for our country to die. It is great for our country to die. It is great for our country to die."

Deligman dashed his hand upon her mouth, crying:

"What the devil now!"

But the alarm had been given. The bottoms of the wagons suddenly fell open, and there was a quick scurrying beneath them. There was the crack of a pistol, and the soldier who had fired the first wagon went down in a heap.

In the twinkle of an eye, a group of men had sprung together in the open part of the yard. They had rifles in their hands. The flame, leaping from

wagon to wagon at their backs, threw out their lean figures, their tattered clothes, into gaunt blackness.

"Fire!" shouted Deligman at the window, and the yard filled with a rattling thunder.

"Help! help!" shrieked Jane Rockfield. "Robert Landus, here—shoot here!"

In a burst of fury she had torn herself from Deligman's grasp. She flung her arms about his neck and threw herself from the window. He gave a short cry, more of surprise than fear, and clung to the sash. She struggled, dragging him downward, clinging like a panther.

The yard was as bright as day. A waving curtain of flame made a background to black figures. Both sides paused dumbfounded. But Robert Landus recovered first.

"It is great for our country to die!" he shouted. "Fire at the window! Charge!"

A dozen rifles blazed at the window. Jane Rockfield closed her clutch upon Deligman tighter and tighter as she died; he tottered outward, and let go the sash. Together they tumbled dead, striking the gravel of the yard and doubling over in a confused heap, like half-filled sacks of wheat.

From above and from two sides the yard was raked with volleys. The Confederates dashed straight forward toward the nearest line of bayonets. The bullets fell upon them, and they melted to the fire. Robert Landus gave a last shout, "It is great for our country to die!" and leaped forward, dead, upon the bayonets.

Dalton looked away with that affectation of indifference you see so often in writers. He was snapping his fingers and motioning to a waiter.

"Hst," said he, "fill the mugs."

I heard the babbling of the children in the street, the rustling of the leaves above our heads, and behind them both the rattling of the volleys. I drank my beer hastily, for my throat was dry and I seemed to smell the powder.

"If you like," said Dalton, "we will go up to Jane Rockfield's house—it's a ruin now, Deligman's men burnt it—and I'll show you the bullet-marks, scores of them, on the south wall. But I forgot to say that they found Edward Landus in the garret and he was hanged."

NATHANIEL STEPHENSON.



FIELDS.

O H, the gray fields, the hay fields,
And the azure arching over,
When the west wind dips to kiss the

lips

Of the laughing, lazy clover;
The rhythmic swish of the swinging scythe,
The swaying of brown bodies lithe,
A song from the throat of a blue bird blithe,
And the trilling plaint of a plover.

Oh, the sweet fields, the wheat fields,
And the blue sky bending over,
When the south wind sleeps, and the wild hawk
sweeps;

And the chickens seek the cover;
The wide field glows with noon-day heat,
The reapers rest 'neath sheaves of wheat,
The chirr of the crickets sound as sweet
As the liquid notes of the plover.

Oh, the lorn fields, the corn fields,
And the gray sky glowing over,
When the north wind blows from the land of
snows—

A blustering, Boreal rover;
In scattered shocks the sere stalks lie,
Flailed by the wind that hurtles by;
A flap of wings, a crane's clear cry,
And the echoing pipe of a plover.

JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD.

ATHLETICS IN RECENT VERSE

FOR the most part, the American does not play polo or hunt or shoot or fish with any real, genuine enthusiasm," says a writer on international topics of the day, and adds, "But the young Englishman is entirely different. He has always known and enjoyed outdoor sports." This unsubtle characterization is borne out in part by the manner in which the athletic revival has been sung on the several shores of the Atlantic. America has little to say. There is no poetical self-praise. Even the college periodicals, published in the places where athletics take on their sincerest aspect, while teeming with praise enough to prove the topic engrossing, are strangely silent so far as verse is concerned. In the second series of *Cap and Gown*, for example, an anthology, the material for which is taken from college journals exclusively, only three pertinent instances are to be obtained from among the hundreds, and in these athletics are only a peg on which to hang a proper undergraduate enthusiasm for pretty girls. Mr. Ernest McGaffey's *Poems of Gun and Rod* and sporadic examples like Dr. Henry Van Dyke's *An Angler's Wish*—"I'm only wishing to go a-fishing"—attest our greater

interest in shooting and its companion sport, although it is to be borne in mind that angling has a traditional literary value in English quite independent of fish and fishermen. But in field sports and all outdoor feats of strength and skill Americans sing little, with much to sing about. It may be observed here that the national game itself appears to make no higher appeal than suffices to bring out *The Day I Played Baseball* or *Casey at the Bat*. Canada maintains a more dignified attitude toward lacrosse by keeping silence.

Quiet as we are nationally in these matters, we are not far behind Great Britain in point of time. Perhaps the best proof of this can be found in the fact that Mr. Norman Gale, in *Cricket Songs*, first published in 1894, found the field sufficiently ungleaned to permit him a parody on Locksley Hall,—“In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to pad and glove,”—and actually named two of his canticles *Cricket on the Hearth* and *The Last Ball of Summer*. Hunting and fishing songs abound from early times, of course, and are an essential portion of the literature of the race; the modernness of athletics in verse is due to no cause more abstruse than the modernness of athletics themselves.

Appropriately enough, since we so like to find classical precedent for our peaceful exercises, whether in or out of doors,—remember the interest excited by the highly artificial revival of the Olympian games,—it is to Edward Cracraft Lefroy that we owe the first poetical celebration of our athletics. Lefroy’s habit of mind, as reflected in his verse, was sincerely Greek, a self-evident fact had not John Addington Symonds pointed it out; but it was Greek modified by modern Christianity—not pagan Greek, nor yet savoring of Neo-Hellenicism. He felt his way, so to speak, to the modern through the ancient subject, and his scholarly and full-flavored sonnets, *A Palatial Study* and *At the Isthmian Games*, indicate with substantial accuracy how his attention was directed to the matter. When he first turned to the practice of his own day, it was not to any game in itself, but rather in its relation to his own conscious art. So he paints *A Football Player* in a manner so worthy of that most taxing of all sports that we can only wonder at its not having paved the way for a whole poetical literature of football. He writes:

“If I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,
Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,
Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide
Under the twinkling feet; arms bare, head bare,
The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of hair;
Red-brown in face, and ruddier having spied
A wily foeman breaking from the side;
Aware of him,—of all else unaware:
“If I could limn you, as you leap and fling
Your weight against his passage, like a wall;
Clutch him, and collar him, and rudely cling
For one brief moment till he falls—you fall:
My sketch would have what Art can never give—
Sinew and breath and body; it would live.”

Another man from the English Cambridge, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, saw the game between Pennsylvania and Harvard last fall, and remarked that he had never seen better sport. Such eminence, it would seem, should have brought forth its own laureate; for surely nothing short of actual battle so stimulates the manhood in us and warms the blood to a desire for action as our American game worthily played. The games between the military and the naval academies of the United States, Annapolis and West Point, with the age-long rivalry of soldier and sailor, Wellington’s historic remark on the winning of the battle of Waterloo, and some other things of similar import, deserve Mr. Kipling’s best attention. Yet Lefroy’s lead has not been followed at all in the United States, and in England the poems of Mr. Alfred Edward Housman are its sole companions—and in one of these, it is to be noted, athletics are degraded into a mere solace for wounded hearts:

“ Twice a week, the winter through,
Here stood I to keep the goal;
Football then was fighting sorrow
For the young man’s soul.

“ Now in Maytime, to the wicket
Out I march, with bat and pad:
See the son of grief at cricket
Trying to be glad.

“ Try I will; no harm in trying;
Wonder ’tis how little mirth
Keeps the bones of man from lying
On the bed of earth.”

While he places this question and answer, notably phrased, on the lips of a dying lover and his friend:

“ ‘ Is football playing
Along the river shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?’

“ Aye, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.”

Boating is another recreation of large potentialities. How, to take a prime instance, could Cornell keep quiet about the race last summer? There is no lack of technical knowledge respecting the making of verse among her students and alumni. Given acquirements sufficing for the equipment of a mere poetaster — “a minor poet from the Minores,” as we once heard the author of a class-day poem called—and such a chance as the Ithacan university then made good, and song would appear to be a necessity, the safety valve for an enthusiasm which seeks either vent or destruction. James Kenneth Stephen, another Cambridge man, wrote a

fairly good boating song, and that seems to exhaust the subject; the first stanza runs:

"On a damp windy day
In a tempestuous May,
In a most insufficient attire,
What a pleasure to row
For a furlong or so,
And to glow with a patriot's fire:
There is glory to win in the fray,
There are crowds to applaud all the way,
We shall very soon be
At the top of the tree
If we all go out every day."

Strangest of all athletic silences is the one enveloping golf. That a Scotchman should keep still about anything in general or a thing so thoroughly Scotch in particular, would be an over-true tale. How, to-day, can the canny man refrain from Doric to demonstrate that here is a royal game? Mr. Gale speaks of its devotees as "prancing in prismatic stockings through the fields," and Mr. Owen Seaman commemorates *The Links of Love*; but these are jests, and golf is as serious as it is Scotch. Mr. Andrew Lang at least would be expected to have something to say on the subject—and a survey of his writings assures us that he has, in East Fifehire dialect, under the title *The Ballade of the Royal Game of Golf*. The first huitain and the envoy are:

"There are laddies will drive ye a ba'
To the burn frae the farthermost tee,
But ye mauna think driving is a',
Ye may heel her, and send her ajee,
Ye may land in the sand or the sea;
And ye're dune, sir, ye're no worth a preen,
Tak' the word that an auld man'll gie,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green. . . .

"Prince, faith you're improving a wee,
And, Lord, man, they tell me you're keen;
Tak' the best o' advice that can be,
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!"

In the face of that, Mr. Seaman observes in the second stanza of his verses already mentioned:

"My heart is also like a cleek,
Resembling most the mashie sort,
That spans the objects, so to speak,
Across the sandy bar to port;
And hers is like a putting-green,
The haven where I boast to be,
For she assures me she is keen
To halve the round of life with me."

Mr. Gale more reverently admits by his title of *The Enemy* that cricket itself has its popularity put in jeopardy by its northerly rival, of which poem the first and last verses make proof:

"Have you seen the golfers airy
Prancing forth to their vagary,
Just as frisky in their gaiters
As a flock of Grecian satyrs,
Looking everything heroic,
And magnificently stoic,
In a dress of such a pattern
As would fright the good God Saturn? . . .

"Let these gentlemen ecstatic,
In their costumes so emphatic,
Crawl to find a rounded treasure
In the horse-pond at their pleasure.
What so good when time is sunny,
And the air as sweet as honey,
As the game of crease and wicket,
England's proper pastime—Cricket!"

Through the book from which this last extract is taken, the *Cricket Songs* of Mr. Norman Gale, which has had three editions in the three years of its life, the old English game has had a great proportion of verse devoted to it, though no more than it deserves. Mr. Gale embalms its technical phrases and even its slang in lilting verses like those called *Buzz Her In, Out, Rub It In, Lightning (Greased)*, *Chuck Her Up*, and *Buttered*, among others, the novelty of which is surprising though placed beyond question by such a refrain as

"Snowdrops point to pads,
Crocuses to cricket."

Here is a clever take-off, called *The Cricket Precepts of Baloo*, "suggested by Mr. Kipling's Jungle Laws," which opens:

"Now this is the Law of the Pastime, as wily as ever a trout;
And the Man that shall keep it may prosper, but the Man that shall break it is Out.
As the sky that is over all foreheads, the Law is for thin and for fat—
For the strength of the Bat is the Wood, and the strength of the Wood is the Bat."

That the game is humorous—and lingering, as Americans must add—Mr. Gale brings ample testimony. *Bombastes* is delicious. And attesting also the depth of the feeling concerning it is Lefroy's sonnet, *The New Cricket Ground*. It seems to be almost inevitable that a poem of the day must have ethical import, but the moral of *The Church Cricketant Here on the Turf* is by no means obtrusive:

"I bowled three sanctified souls
With three consecutive balls!
What do I care if Blondin trod
Over Niagara Falls?
What do I care for the loon in the Pit,
Or the gilded earl in the Stalls?
I bowled three curates once
With three consecutive balls!"

The bicycle has had mention altogether disproportionate to its popularity. In fact, I recall nothing distinctive in England, and little here. Mr. Kipling has gone far to show that machinery is not always prosaic; but Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts keeps to the older doctrine, and explains the lack of inspiration in his *The Muse and the Wheel* by her remarks upon it:

“Can you be Pegasus,” she mused,
‘To modern mood translated,
But poorly housed, and meanly used,
And grown attenuated?

“Ah, no you’re quite another breed
From him who once would follow
Across the clear Olympian mead
The calling of Apollo!

“You never drank of Helicon,
Or strayed in Tempe’s vale,
You never soared against the sun
Till earth grew faint and pale.”

In a set of heroic couplets in the manner of Queen Anne’s time, Stephen goes over the customary recreations, in order to sing the praises of court-tennis at the close, thus:

“Let *cricketers* await the tardy sun,
Break one another’s shins and call it fun ;
Let *Scotia’s golfers*, through the affrighted land,
With crooked knee and glaring eye-ball stand ;
Let *football* rowdies show their straining thews,
And tell their triumphs to a mud-stained Muse ;
Let *india-rubber* pellets dance on grass
Where female arts the ruder sex surpass ;
Let other people play at other things ;
The *king of games* is still the *game of kings.*”

The left-handed praise of lawn tennis in this is emphasized later in a lamentation upon it as played in the Gardens at Cambridge, recalling Mr. E. F. Benson’s merry chapter on the same subject in *The Babe, B.A.*, by asking

“Is it decent, is it right,
That a man should have to look at
Such a desolating sight,
One so made to throw a book at,
As a little don that’s prancing,
With a wild perspiring air,
All about the court is dancing,
Gallopading,
Masquerading,
Though nor grace nor strength be there,
As an athlete? Let him do it
Somewhere else, or duly rue it.”

Next to cricket, running has the largest number of lines composed in its honor. Stephen has an excellent *Hundred Yards Race*, quite after the style

of Sir Walter Scott, and goes on to perpetuate *The Hurdles and Quarter of a Mile* in Greek hexameters. In Housman’s admirable poem, *To an Athlete Dying Young*, the hero is a runner. Space allows only the three concluding stanzas to be given here :

“Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honors out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

“So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still defended challenge-cup.

“And round that early-laureled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl’s.”

And, finally, Lefroy (ending our instances where we began them), has embodied, we believe definitively, the true spirit of athletics in his *Before the Race*, leaving a memorial of right thinking which can gain nothing by comment :

“The impatient starter waxeth saturnine.
‘Is the bell cracked?’ he cries. They make it
sound :
And six tall lads break through the standers-round.
I watch with Mary while they form in line :
White-jerseyed all, but each with some small sign,
A broidered badge or shield with painted ground,
And one with crimson kerchief sash-wise
bound ;
I think we know that token, neighbour mine.

“Willie, they call you best of nimble wights ;
Yet brutal Fate shall whelm in slippery ways
Two soles at least. Will it be you she spites?
Ah well! ‘Tis not so much to win the bays.
Uncrowned or crowned, the struggle still delights;
It is the effort, not the palm, we praise.”

WALLACE DE GROOT RICE.



HER HOME-COMING

TIMID little Mrs. Serna came out of the hut and crossed the trail to the minute chapel that stood in the garden. She wore over her head a small, dull shawl, which hung down about her slim shoulders, and from which her face, with its many small wrinkles, peered meekly. As usual, she carried her hands crossed before her. The worn dress, that had been black, came just below the shoe-tops, and the shoes themselves were brown with age.

The church—her church—was not more than fifteen feet square, made of adobes, and, without, plain to monotony. There was no tower and no vestibule and barely windows. The flat walls arose to meet the flat roof, and the flat roof was earthen, like the walls. It was three miles to another house, and twenty miles to a priest or any one whom little Mrs. Serna could have felt in her heart to be a good Catholic. There might seem to have been no use for the little church, for nobody ever sang in it or preached in it, and the stage-road passing by knew nothing of worship, and the mesas about knew it only in their own inscrutably silent way. But to the little Mexican woman with the quiet blue eyes there was use for the church.

A wooden door gave entrance, and Mrs. Serna pushed it open and went in, and closed it behind her. There were not any seats within; the hard, earthen floor was quite bare, and the little room seemed empty. At the other end, however, was the altar, and the dim light was reflected from many a dazzling thing upon it and around it. The Blessed Mary was there, and Mrs. Serna knelt before the rude wooden image, and thought, in the midst of her prayers, that the paper halo which she herself had reverently placed upon the Virgin's brow must be straightened.

There were saints, of wood also, and painted very strangely, but as well as Mrs. Serna could do it. The figures were all small; they were the best she could get, and large ones would have been too large for the room and the low ceiling. She knew very well that it made no difference.

In the center, and higher up, was the Crucified One, hanging there as he had hung since she had first timidly placed Him there many years ago. The blood was painted naturally, she thought—how very terrible it would be to bleed like that. She was too meek to have thought it out very far, but she could kneel down here on the bare earth of the floor and pray for Cornelio, and Anita, and for those who had gone—José and Gertie and poor old Lauriano himself; which was all the church was for.

There was a good deal of tinsel and pink and gold paper and little pieces of china about the figures and the altar. She had done as much of that as she could, and had tried to make it really pretty and like what she thought a cathedral would be.

She had never seen a cathedral, for she had always lived here. But they had told her about it; and old Lauriano, before he died, had helped her to decorate the church. Even on the Christ there was an odd little paper skirt, which she had changed many times. She was not sure that it was just as it should be. The pink she had thought unsuitable to the blood, and had tried the gold. But she had at length discarded both for the white one of tissue paper, which looked better. Mrs. Serna knelt longer to-day than usual, and a few more tears fell than had been accustomed to fall.

The door behind her opened, and Cornelio came in. He was a short man with an ugly face, but not unkindly eyes. He took off his hat and watched his mother for awhile. Apparently she had not heard him.

"Mother," he said, presently.

She arose hurriedly, like one caught unawares and confused, and folded her hands.

"It is time to go, you know. We ought to start in half an hour. Anita is waiting already."

"Yes, Cornelio, I was coming." She smoothed the shawl down, and looked hopelessly all about the church, from the Blessed Mary to the Christ, and thence to the walls and the bare floor. But she made no move to go out.

"Mother," said Cornelio again, fingering his hat.

"Yes, yes," she said, startled again and speaking like one frightened, "I am coming, Cornelio."

Again Cornelio waited. He could see his mother was struggling with herself, and knowing that she would speak presently, he said no more. After fluttering a little, and looking about again, the blue eyes were raised to Cornelio.

"Cornelio," she said, speaking not much above a whisper; "I can hardly bear to be going. It's very much worse than I thought. But—never mind; I know it is right—I can go." She dropped her eyes to the floor, fingered the worn fringe of her shawl, and stepped to the corner of the church. "Cornelio," she said, tapping her foot on the hard earth, "your father is under this spot here. Poor old Lauriano. It was right here. He picked out the spot himself. And over here, this is José, just about here, with his head this way, next to Lauriano. His feet came only to about here. Then right here is Gertie—you can remember that yourself. Poor little Gertie. Nobody would know they were here now, would they?"

She raised the corner of her shawl to her eyes and stood and looked through the fringe at the earth.

"Cornelio."

"Well, what is it, mother?"

"I've told you I'd go with you, Cornelio, because you've got a big ranch now and more cattle to take care of. At first I couldn't bear its being four miles from the church, and even yet it don't seem like it's really me that's going away. It seems

like it's somebody else. But I'll go; I've told you I'll go. There's just one thing I want you to promise."

Cornelio fingered his hat and stood and waited. He was growing a little impatient.

"I couldn't lie in peace anywhere else," she said. "I couldn't go a step if I thought I'd have to. I'd die right here to-day. Seems like I'd rise up in my grave anywhere else. Here's the place I've set—me here, and Lauriano here, and José and Gertie over here. Promise me, Cornelio, promise me, honest and true, that whatever comes you'll bring me back and put me here beside these three."

Cornelio promised, took out his ancient silver watch and looked at the time, and insisted that now they must go.

By the next day they were fairly settled in the new house four miles away,—Cornelio, his mother, and his sister Anita. This day and nearly all of the days following, Cornelio was gone from morning till night over the prairie that stretched in every direction, on his rounds among the cattle. Mrs. Serna tried the best she could to seem at home, but she had never lived so far away as this.

"Anita," she said one morning, stopping in the middle of the kitchen and looking absently at the stove, "if we could only have brought the church with us—and the graves, I wouldn't mind it. Or if only that mesa was moved back and I could see round the corner of it, it wouldn't be so bad."

"Oh, now, mother," said Anita, "just quit thinking about it. We can drive you up there sometimes on Sundays. Four miles isn't but a step."

"It seems like a long step—like I was in another world, somehow. Anita, you won't let Cornelio forget his promise, will you?"

"He won't forget. Besides, you're not going to be buried for a good many years yet."

The little woman shook her head sadly.

"I don't know," she said; "I don't know."

She would try to get out of these depressing moods, and went about, busying herself with Anita's work. And Anita, who had a good enough heart but little knowledge of the nature of her mother, whistled from morning till night, with her black hair hanging raggedly about her brown face, and her dress, longer behind than in front, spotted with the soot of the kitchen. But her mother caught little of the spirit of the whistling, and Anita found her crying over the forks once, which she held purposefully in her wrinkled hands, the knives lying neglected in the water. And once the little woman forgot herself and dropped the teapot on the floor, and broke it and spilled its contents all about. She sank down and wept piteously, while Anita gathered up the pieces. The girl finally lifted her up and tried to comfort her.

"I'm just all gone, somehow," she said to Anita. "Oh, I just can't bear it. I've been there all my life,—and the three of them lying there day

and night, and me not there. I never missed it once since they were put there—twice a day. They must notice it, Anita."

Some weeks went by, and the two children could not but see that the little woman was pining away. Her thin shoulders grew thinner still, and the very small form seemed visibly to shrink. The wrinkles on the face grew deeper and the pensive look increased. They would find her many times a day, and sometimes in the night when the moon shone and the prairies were still and bright, standing looking at the corner of the distant mesa. She was constantly in trouble over the promise of Cornelio, and made him very frequently repeat it.

She was sick a few days in the early summer, and in the fever talked only of Lauriano and José and Gertie. They feared it would be her end, but she grew better after a week, and was soon going about again. It was plain, however, that she was weaker. She was so frail that they half expected her to fall at any minute. And even the sturdy and thoughtless Cornelio felt an odd misgiving as he rode away in the morning, lest on his return at night he might find that she was dead.

Cornelio and Anita had a secret which they had kept from their mother till their hopes in it should be realized. They were in doubt as to the effect of it on the little woman. There came a day, however, when it must come out. Cornelio returned early in the evening and found his mother sitting by the kitchen fire pensively watching Anita. The girl was preparing the supper. Cornelio, watched by his sister, nervously poked the fire and fumbled with the battered kettle on the stove.

"Well, it's come," he said presently to Anita. Anita stopped in her work.

"Mother, I've got some good news," said Cornelio. The little woman turned her eyes absently to him.

"You're always glad to hear I'm getting on, aren't you, mother!"

"Why—why, yes, Cornelio; yes." She was a little startled; his manner was not easy.

"They're going to make me sheriff, mother."

She looked about vaguely, seemed to consider it necessary to smile, but failed.

"It's a good job, and more money in it than this. It's a mighty fine thing, mother."

Mrs. Serna looked helplessly at Anita, who tried to smile reassuringly.

"We'll live in Springer, you know," went on Cornelio, hurriedly; "a nice place there by the jail—fine place; you and Anita with me, you know."

The old woman's head went back against the chair.

"We'll go in a few days," said Cornelio desperately; "maybe to-morrow."

Mrs. Serna said nothing. She turned her head and looked out of the window at the distant mesa,

TO LILITH

then about upon the dishes and the floor. She seemed suddenly to think she must say something in agreement.

"It's a—it's a nice thing, Cornelio," she said.

After watching her a moment, Anita went on with the supper. In half an hour it was ready. Her mother was still sitting by the fire.

"How far is it?" said Mrs. Serna, at last.

"About twenty-five miles," replied Anita.

Mrs. Serna told them she could not eat any supper, and before it was dark she wanted Anita to put her to bed. They could see signs of the fever again, and before Anita left her for the night she was muttering occasionally to herself about Gertie and José and Lauriano.

The sun set at half-past six, and an hour later they found that Mrs. Serna was gone. They searched the house and the garden and the adobe stable, but she was not there. Her shawl, they found, was also gone. In consternation Cornelio and Anita stood and stared at one another.

"Saddle the horses, Cornelio, quick."

A little later they were on their way toward the point of the mesa. It was almost dark, and the trail was narrow and in places rugged, but the horses were familiar with it. Neither of the riders had any doubt as to the way she had gone.

Near the mesa, on a spot of rough and stony ground, they found the shawl, its worn fringe caught up into the scrub-oak bush by the way. In deep distress they hurried on. At last they could see the old adobe house, now empty and forlorn; and across the trail from it the deserted chapel came dim out of the dusk. When they were fifty yards from the church, they saw her staggering along in front of them over the stones of the trail, close to the door. Bounding forward they beheld her fall. Coming now close to her, they could see her crawling on the ground, silently, stretching out her hands to the door. They reached it as soon as she, but she sunk against the wood.

You can see her grave in there now, if you go; only that the earthen floor is flat above it as above the others, and they must show you where it is. But she is beside José and Gertie and Lauriano.

CHARLES FLEMING EMBRE.

SMALL MAXIMS

That was n't such a bad mistake of the boy who spelled it philanthropests.

It is a pity that people write reviews instead of having something to say about books.

If one half the world do n't know how the other half lives, it is n't the fault of the women.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, but not so well as the tramp.

The great necessity of modern pedagogics seems to be a chair on the psychology of spanking.

A man never gets used to a woman's honest insincerity.

Take the poet's eyes and ears,—but the nose of the scientist.

Character always writes its subtle advertisement upon the body.

"I do hate stingy people," said the man as he gave liberally of the money his wife earned.

This nation is a long time understanding the relativity of success.

Life is none the less an art because it has a cerebral anatomy.

When all the world has grown so clever it will soon be time for the dull to get their innings.

Some folks are like a theater flat; all length and breadth but no thickness.

Only God is absolute, and Him we know not,—and yet people claim essential virtues.

It is the thing that a man does that betrays what he really is—and he is often the most surprised.

A bird in the hand is worth two that have learned to fly.

Why do the satiated never take a hint from a hungry dog? He likes life.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

TO LILITH.

BEHIND such various vestures of strange dreams
Abides my soul, I know not its true form;
Nor have I faith it is the thing it seems—
Now hushed in calm, now crying of the storm.

For evermore the dreams are as a veil
Of strangely-wrought enchantment to my ken,
Where through my soul's eyes make my being quail,
Or bid me wanton with my joys again.

I have no knowledge of the thing it is,
Whether it be of fiend or angel born.
This much I know, Beloved, only this:
Beneath thy touch, of all its power shorn,

It yields glad captive to the joy that lies
Sweet on thy ruining lips and laughing eyes.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

REVIEWS

THE WEST IN WOMEN'S HANDS

THE MISSIONARY SHERIFF.—*By Octave Thanet.* 12mo. *Harper & Bros.*

THE SPIRIT OF AN ILLINOIS TOWN.—*By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.* 12mo. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

IN SIMPKINSVILLE.—*By Ruth McEnery Stuart.* 12mo. *Harper & Bros.*

THE middle-west seems to depend largely upon women to describe its life and interpret its spirit. With the exception of an occasional volume from Mr. Hamlin Garland when his engagements with Mr. McClure will permit, the important fiction dealing with this region has of late been entirely the product of female hands. Whether or not one is to be thankful for this feminine guardianship is a question of what one's theory is of the art of fiction. If one demands realism in its strictest sense the collective offerings of Miss French, Mrs. Catherwood, and Mrs. Stuart will not entirely satisfy, nor will they entirely prove the modern doctrine that woman is the unsentimental sex.

Probably Octave Thanet herself and her thousands of loyal and delighted readers would be astounded that even for a moment the charge of sentimentality should be brought against her. On careful deliberation we do not bring it. Yet the very title of this volume *The Missionary Sheriff, Being Incidents in the Life of a Plain Man who Tried to do His Duty* seems her own acknowledgement of such a possible charge and her challenge to it. If one feels that she occasionally arranges circumstances with a rather free hand to suit her story, it must be remembered that in real life a man consciously animated by the missionary spirit always seems to interfere in affairs like a *deus ex machina*. And so because Amos Wickliff is rough, strong and manly, even although he is almost obtrusively good, the stories about him are sane and vigorous enough to make up a volume of that kind most difficult to write, a confessedly moral and improving book.

It remains to add that these tales of an Iowa town are absolutely true in atmosphere. Octave Thanet is irreproachable in this respect. Her plain people are more subtly and more really American than ever were the troops of wild cowboys and miners which have rampaged through the pages of the western novelist so often and have been considered so "typical." Yet the characters grouped about the "Missionary Sheriff" are varied and unusual enough to suit anyone, ranging as they do from a hypnotic swindler to a female hermit and miser with a mysterious past.

Indeed Miss French shows powers of invention which would justify her in attempting detective stories or mediæval romances as relaxation from more serious work.

MRS. CATHERWOOD'S book, considered merely as a study of modern western life, is an experiment for its author, and not altogether a pleasure for the reader. There are two stories in the volume, and they show curiously and plainly that Mrs. Catherwood's imagination must work on things somewhat remote. Brought close to her subject, she becomes agitated and the subject confused.

In the second story in the volume she is on familiar ground. The *Little Renault* is a girl who is left in Tonty's charge during his expeditions in Illinois, and the whole story is the pathetic episode of her death from a poisoned arrow of the Iroquois. Here Mrs. Catherwood is sure of her effects. Her studies have made her dextrous in handling the historical facts and the details of the life of the period, while upon all there is the glamor which temperamentally she is sure of casting over a subject of this sort. In the first story, *The Spirit of an Illinois Town*, she tries her hand at picturing the squalid life of a new settlement. But the subject itself is so formless that she cannot hold it firmly in order. The romantic charm of her style degenerates into incoherence, and pathos which she wished simple becomes strained and even improbable. The glamor is mere disorderliness.

MRS. STUART'S book is a painful example of the habit of dialect writing. There are a number of things which Mrs. Stuart might do to advantage, and among them might quite conceivably be the writing of stories. But her methods would have to be somewhat different from those employed in the present volume. She should give up straining a point constantly to be humorous and she should endeavor not to be silly. And there is no special reason why she should compose in dialect. *The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen* written by this rule would be a quite original and exquisitely pathetic story. Little Mary Ellen's bridegroom failed to meet her at the church and Mary Ellen thereafter nursed a wax doll in the sad folly of a belief that it was her own child. Mrs. Stuart feels it incumbent upon her to be playful and to use dialect freely where it is least needed. And so, although the value of her original conception prevents her from writing a bad story, she does not write a story half so good as she might. The plots of the other stories are fairly hackneyed except in such cases as they have no plots. It is rather discouraging to a reader to attack a story only to find it is the good old tale of May-Day Meredith who elopes with a dark and elegant villain from the city and who returns weep-

ing a year or so after, on New Year's Eve, with the faithful old negro who left Simpkinsville to find her, and who now bears her golden-haired child in his arms. We may be ill-tempered, but such a plot seems to us very silly indeed; and the same adjective we must apply to a certain faded coquetry of style which one meets throughout the book. "Yas," McMonigle said, speaking of the stove in the village store, and chuckled softly as he leaned forward and began poking the fire, "she hates an east wind, but she likes me, do n't you, old girl? See her grow red in the face while I chuck her under the chin."

"She does blush in the face, do n't she?" said old man Taylor. "An' see her wink under her isinglass spectacles when she's flirted with."

Such talk seems to us insufferably mawkish and moreover absolutely untrue to any life in any region whatsoever. Nowhere do men among themselves indulge in such emasculate sentimentality and Mrs. Stuart should know this. Doubtless she does, but is too pleased with her pretty conceits to give them up. We should like to see some stories by Mrs. Stuart in which any attempt at local color was rigorously suppressed. This is supposed to be her great merit; it seems to us to lead her into her worst faults.

THE GENESIS OF SILLINESS

THE GENESIS OF SHAKESPEARE'S ART. A STUDY OF HIS SONNETS AND POEMS.—By Edward James Dunning. 12mo. Lee & Shepard. \$2.00.

MUCH may be forgiven in the name of love, but it must be confessed that Mr. Dunning relies too strongly upon that forgiveness which is demanded by a deep and reverent love for Shakespeare, when he thrusts upon our notice three hundred pages of an interpretation of his poems, based upon an allegory which not only never existed but is too far-fetched for the most superficial consideration.

Nearly every Shakespearian scholar has attempted to explain a certain incongruity of the sonnets which disturbs our lofty conception of what Shakespeare ought to have been. But Mr. Dunning has surpassed all the apologists with a method of interpretation which leaves every other searcher after ideals far in the rear. Not only does he find a parable of infinite worth in the sonnets, but he traces its origin to the *Venus and Adonis*,—surely the least allegorical poem that was ever written—and finds its conclusion in *A Lover's Complaint*, which by most students of the poems would hardly be regarded as a fitting climax to the infinitely greater work in the sonnets.

It is not difficult to see how the first glimmering of a hidden meaning first broke upon our author's

intelligence. The character of the Youth of the sonnets bears at the outset a superficial resemblance to the character of Adonis, from the mere fact that both are wooed and both are deaf to the voice of beauty. And so here is the germ of the allegory. Adonis represents the ideal of verse; Venus is the "Queen of Love," and "Goddess of Fecundity;" by a union of the two a son may be born to Adonis who shall represent the greatest work of art. In fact Adonis is really Shakespeare's highest self, and what he prays for is the union of that highest self with the queen of beauty, so that the world may receive a masterpiece. This idea is carried on into the sonnets, where Shakespeare again admonishes the Youth, his ideal, to "get a son" in order that his beauty may be perpetuated.

This allegorical meaning, which in the *Venus and Adonis* is by no means too clear, becomes entangled in a mesh of language even in the introduction to the sonnets, and the reader must draw his own conclusions from the following paragraph:

"The clew to the mystery lies in the true interpretation of that figure of speech which, either in spirit or actual terms, is the burden of the poet's argument in the first seventeen sonnets. It lies in the true import of the plea that the Youth should perpetuate his beauty for the world's good,—in the words of the 7th sonnet, that he should 'get a son.' This figure means that the Youth should take a new form in the poet's mind,—a form expressive of his attributes as the poet conceives them. That new image is the outward semblance of the son for which the poet pleads; a new Youth that has all the beauty and worth of his father, together with the new beauty and worth which is illustrated by his new form."

This may have the meaning which is clear to Mr. Dunning. Those who are not practiced in the reading of allegories may content themselves with the general drift of the author's intention and suppose with him for a moment that the Youth is an ideal of some sort, occasionally separate from the poet's soul, but occasionally regarded as the highest manifestation of the poet's genius. The most casual consideration will suffice to show that such an interpretation will not hold water for an instant.

An ideal cannot perish nor can its beauty decay, and yet for seventeen sonnets Shakespeare deliberately implores the "Youth" to marry in order that when he is dead and gone his image may still live after him. Even in the final and most ecstatic address to the Youth in the 126th sonnet, the poet, while admitting that Nature is loath to lose such a paragon, is feign to confess that

"She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure."

An ideal, being perfect, cannot harbour sin or shame; yet in the 36th sonnet Shakespeare plainly intimates that his love for the "Youth" might

cause public comment, and therefore, for the sake of the loved one, he would rather be separated from him than injure his reputation — which is an absurd view of the case if by love for the Youth, he meant love for his ideal. Nor can we imagine that the ideal could commit wrong; but the "Youth" certainly was guilty of certain trespasses and infidelities for which he is greatly chided in the 41st sonnet.

If this were not enough, the 69th sonnet must surely contradict forever the belief that the youth is really the personification of perfection in verse; for there the poet, evidently in a doubting mood, begins to wonder whether his love is really beautiful in soul or whether he may not be fair only in exterior seeming. He even goes so far as to say, plainly,

"But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this,—that thou dost common grow."

These are only a few instances of the many cases where it is absolutely impossible to identify the youth of the sonnets with any abstract idea of perfection or poetic beauty. This may seem a kindergarten method of refuting Mr. Dunning, but really it is all that is needed, and is in itself a sufficient compliment to him. For his pains in executing his task of remoulding Shakespeare's genius he deserves a certain meed of praise. But since the greater his pains are the more hopelessly does he wander from all idea of the truth, it is impossible to recommend his work to any one but a disciple of Donnelly.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM SHAKESPEARE WROTE.—
By Charles Dudley Warner. 16mo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

THE first impression gained from reading Mr. Warner's interesting little book is the old, old one, that there is nothing new under the sun—for it is astonishing how many modern disadvantages Shakespeare's auditors possessed. The disagreeable practice called "gagging," for example, indulged in by actors who know no better nowadays, finds precedent in the use of "Dick" Tarleton, the original "creator" of Shakespeare's clowns, fools, and the like, who was so inveterate in his interpolations that the author in self-defense made Hamlet advise the players, "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." The "barker" who came into such bad eminence during the World's Fair is but a survival of the every-day London merchant of the seventeenth century, whose practice it was to stand before his shop and cry his wares in a loud voice. You learn that "in former free-trade times sugar was sixpence a pound; now it is two shillings and sixpence," and that the Elizabethans complained of the speculators in wheat to the point of calling them

"caterpillars." Moreover, there was an article of apparel used by women "to make their dresses stand out plumb around," duly designated as "galligasons"; while the "higher education of women" was a burning question in the court itself.

But these are not the changes which differentiate Shakespeare's readers to-day from those of nearly four centuries ago. "Acquaintance with the Bedouin life of to-day, which has changed little in three thousand years, illuminates the book of Job like an electric light," says Mr. Warner, and adds, with more to the same effect: "Modern research into Hellenic and Asiatic life has given a new meaning to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and greatly enhanced our enjoyment of them." It is this consideration which determines him upon inquiring into Shakespeare's human environment.

In Shakespeare's time — there is abundance of material for the most delightful of *rondeaux* — gentlemen paid a shilling for a seat in the box at the Globe Theatre, or for two pence went into the gallery, which for obvious reasons had not received any one of the names which distinguishes it now. An actor of the first rank, with benefits and other contrivances for the eking out of his salary, could not make an hundred pounds a year. But then a laborer had but two pence for a day's work. The play regularly began at three o'clock in the afternoon, which was yet fairly late at night for a nation which customarily rose as four o'clock in the morning. The boxes were all about the stage — some of the more notable auditors sat upon it — and all the men smoked pipes, the tobacco for which could be bought at any one of seven thousand places in London in 1614. Wine, beer, fruit, and the Elizabethan equivalent of newspapers were sold freely throughout the performances. Such details as these are carried by Mr. Warner into public and private life with minuteness, the collection of comments from the observations of foreigners upon the Englishwomen of the day being especially charming, while a pleasant humor animates everything within the covers of the book.

Some of Mr. Warner's statements, however, like the repetitions for which he apologizes in the preface, show that his mind has been too much taken up lately with his rather tremendous systematization of all the literature in the world to allow him a proper revision of this very small portion of it. What can he mean by "royalty as a player's spectacle," "the reality of kings and queens," and "court pageantry" in connection with a stage which he says himself was almost destitute of accessories? Why should he write, "There was a Hamlet, probably * * * on the stage before Shakespeare"? "There is no doubt," says Mr. Israel Gollancz, "that a play on the subject of Hamlet existed as early as 1589. * * * In all probability Thomas Kyd was the author." And why should Mr. Warner tolerate in his book the anomalous

lous *candelabras*, surely, in the phrase he takes from Daniel Stubbes, a word "most ugglesome to behold"?

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY WITH THE LADY NOVELISTS.

DEAR FAUSTINA.—*By Rhoda Broughton.* 12mo.
D. Appleton & Co. The Town and Country Library. \$0.50.

NULMA.—*By Mrs. Campbell-Praed.* 12mo. *D. Appleton & Co. The Town and Country Library.* \$0.50.

AN overpowering sense of awe at the vastness of the great reading public comes over one, after reading such a novel as *Dear Faustina*. Here is the latest one of a baker's dozen of works by the same hand. They have no more resemblances to literature than a Noah's-ark village does to life, yet apparently they all find readers.

Miss Broughton has given us three hundred pages of tolerably closely printed matter, but we have not been able to discover exactly what it is all about. The astonishing incident of the mother of a household gathering her family about her and calmly dissolving all parental ties, is the introduction to a series of purposeless events, in which the actors quarrel and separate without anyone caring a whit. Around a slender nucleus of milk-and-water Socialism the writer builds a dull and useless tale. She attempts a tinge of modern spirit by an atmosphere of social settlements and the heroine thinks nothing of a careless allusion to carbon bisulphate. Apparently the author has considered one character of sufficient importance to put her name upon the title-page, but "*Dear Faustina*" is the least convincing of them all.

Miss Broughton adopts the usual expedient of the "lady novelist," and resorts to italics and large capitals upon the slightest provocation. Her vocabulary contains such words as "face-to-faceness" and "sighingly" and she speaks of her heroine "busing home to her flat," without a tremor.

Nulma is the unfortunate title of another of those hyphenated romances which Mrs. Campbell-Praed turns out from time to time. No doubt it accurately portrays the official life in any one of a dozen English Colonial capitals, but Mrs. Praed has somehow failed to clothe her skeleton and the bones of the *deus ex machina* show. Nulma Goodale, the titular divinity of the book, is a peerless being. Her humble origin by no mischance ever betrays itself, and her charms are skillfully enhanced by every art within the author's power. She moves triumphant through every crisis and does the right thing at the right time in a way that seems to aggravate the common mortal to the pitch of frenzy. There

is the usual unhappy wife, who awakens to find that her lover has abandoned her for the clear-eyed maiden aforesaid, and of course the inevitable exposure and renunciation. The strange spectacle is presented of the heroine acknowledging her undying affection for one man, and in the following paragraph, in much the same language, proclaiming her lifelong devotion to another who fortunately, this time, turns out to be her husband. The remarkable thing in the book is that Nulma Goodale in spite of her impeccability, is at times convincing, and gives some point to a tale which is otherwise the conventional one of Colonial life and ways.

A WASTED OPPORTUNITY

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.—*Their Establishment, Progress and Decay.* By Laura Bride Powers. 12mo. Wm. Doxey. \$1.25.

FEW specific themes in the United States would better reward adequate treatment than the California missions and their epoch. We have nothing more instinct with romance than these venerable fossils of all we have forgotten. They are grey bridges from the most American state of America back to chivalry and the patriarchal life. Nor are they good "material" only; they are of the few ruins this country will have a chance to save—and of the finest. In architecture and in history they are monuments. And they are going in swift decay.

The missions have been much bewritten; and never conclusively. Others have assembled some statistics; perhaps "H. H." is the only one who has measurably caught the spirit of the California crusade. Laura Bride Powers has done neither. Her very pretty volume, with its score of photo-engravings adds nothing to the literature of the subject, except the date 1897—and that should be 1893, with a slight change of form. She has a glow of words for the missions, but neither comprehension of them nor perspective. Her general sketch is strikingly without procession of time, cause or effect.

A convenient ambiguity forestalls the most serious criticism. "I have gathered," says Mrs. Powers, "such information as years of research have woven together—information obtained from that most reliable of sources—manuscripts—including diaries, mission registers, and personal letters." This must not be read "years of my research." It means years of research by some one else. The book is a mere indigestion of Bancroft's undigested compilations. Just what Mrs. Powers would do if a Spanish manuscript met her face to face on a lonely road is evident in many pages. Her "*José Ma Zalvidea*" is enough example. Her innocence of Spanish is undisguised as the certainty that she has not seen most of the places involved; but the blunders of words are

no more numerous than those of fact. She has read even her Bancroft carelessly. The capitulation to Fremont was not at San Fernando, but at the Rancho of Cahuenga—and it did not exactly "close the Mexican war." One does not usually say "many months" if one knows that their multitude was two hundred and forty. Kearny's "battle" with the Californians was not "in the very shadow of the chapel" of San Gabriel, nor in the same general landscape. San Diego was not named for Vizcaino's flagship—and so on. In more modern research, the author is unaware that the finest of missions, for whose preservation she "pleads," are already being preserved. The Landmarks Club, incorporated, has made the picturesque buildings of San Juan Capistrano secure for at least a century to come, and is now performing the same grateful service for San Fernando. This work is being done by subscriptions—mostly from Southern California, but with scattering dollars from all over the Union.

Mrs. Powers is more picturesque in her idiom than in her history. Of her jewels are these: "When the horsepower of missionary influence was removed;" "the race was fast becoming incapable of its own reproduction . . . and this must needs result disastrously to any people;" "the perfumed incense . . . floated off, whither I know not." Which is rather less than the missions—and modern California—merit.

EX LIBRIS

EX LIBRIS: ESSAYS OF A COLLECTOR.—By Charles Dexter Allen. 8vo. Lamson, Wolff & Co.

To learn that Paul Revere made a book-plate for Epes Sargent, and Thackeray one for Edward Fitzgerald—a tiny-footed angel with the pretty features of Mrs. Brookfield, and holding "Old Fitz's" shield-of-arms—is enough to interest almost any one in book-plates. But Mr. Allen does not stop until he has put before the reader a hundred and fifty pages of similar matters, illustrating them with twenty-one typical specimens of the engraver's art—a book pressed down and running over with interesting anecdote and curious knowledge.

The first book-plate known, so he tells us, was found in the Carthusian abbey of Buxheim, in Swabia, also the home of the first wood-cut, and its conjectured date is early in the fifteenth century. The first in America bears the date of 1702, and belonged to Governor Dudley of Massachusetts. The largest known book-plate is fourteen by ten inches in size, once the appurtenance of an Austrian count. The first collector of these labels, greater or less, was a Miss Jackson, of Bath, England, who began her task in 1820; her small beginnings are now embodied in the stupendous assortment of more than one hundred thousand specimens, the pride of

Doctor Joseph Jackson Howard. And the prize for supremacy in designing and executing these little works lies between England and America, in Mr. Allen's patriotic judgment.

One may read further of Jacobean book-plates, armorial book-plates, early English book-plates, and Chippendale, ribbon and wreath, and many more. The French also collect the stamped leather bindings which indicate the ownership of books. Allegory, mythology, portraits, landscape, and devices of every sort ornament the plates, and, apparently, no one who knows enough to buy a book has disdained having a plate to paste in it, nor has any artist felt himself too renowned to design and execute one. As a result, the examples cited by Mr. Allen are so numerous and so interesting that a real embarrassment is felt in making a selection. You read of book-plates owned by Cardinal Wolsey, by Richelieu, by Mazarin, by the Chevalier d'Éon, La Pompadour, and Madame de Staél. William Penn and Thomas Page, of Virginia, owned distinctive labels for the contents of their libraries. So did John, brother to Benjamin Franklin, and General George Washington. This last enjoys the distinction of being the only plate ever counterfeited, though many examples of plagiarizing are brought together by the assiduous author.

Aglaus Bouvenne designed Victor Hugo's book-plate, a picture of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, illuminated by a lightning flash which carries the author's name. Théophile Gautier's is from the same hand; while no less a person than Viollet-le-Duc made Prosper-Merimée's. Alfieri's, Walpole's, Chesterfield's, and Cowper's are well known. The poets, Campbell, Byron, Charles Kingsley, and Tennyson, had plates with armorial designs. Southey's was done by Thomas Bewick. Thomas Frognall Dibdin had a significant and pleasing device, a shield divided into quarters, whereof the first was occupied by his family escutcheon, and the others by the reproduction of an old print of a chapman, the colophon mark of Fust and Schoeffer, and the printer's sign of William Caxton, respectively. Laurence Sterne's book-plate was designed by himself, and shows, among other things, a number of portly volumes, one of which is labeled *Tristram Shandy*, and another, *Alas, Poor Yorick!* Oliver Wendell Holmes's plate showed a chambered nautilus, and Longfellow's was as simple as possible. Rudyard Kipling owns a plate made by Kipling *père*, portraying an elephant carrying the writer and two servants, one guiding the beast and the other attending to his master's water-pipe. And so on, and on, and on, until the whole modern world of letters flutters with book-plates.

An error or two should be corrected for the sake of the beauty of the book otherwise. *Band of a baronet* (p. xxix) should be *band*. Philpon, Kilain, Umslopagaas, and 1875 and 1876 for dates a century earlier (p. 96), are a trial; while William

Blake's literary history is curiously concealed when mention is made of his having engraved a book-plate for Charles Conway, and (p. 3) St. Anne is called Santa Anna several times. Even more unpleasant is an affectation in the use of prepositions—"retire by herself," "unlike to," "anent," which we are certain, would be reprobated by Mr. Allen in the work of another. But the faults are tiny, and the merits of the work considerable.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD OUIDA

THE MASSARENES.—*By Ouida.* 12mo. R. E. Fenn & Co. \$1.25.
MURIELA OR LE SELVE.—*By Ouida.* 12mo. L. C. Page & Co.

ONE of the curious but apparently unnoticed spectacles which the annual publishing seasons afford is the almost simultaneous issue, with mechanical regularity, of a good book and bad book by Ouida. This year is no exception. *The Massarenes* is the bad book and *Muriella* is the good book.

The reprehensible volume is as usual an excited and vulgar tale of London society. When on this trail Mlle. de la Ramée writes with no restraint, no sense of form, no feeling for beauty, and very little for common decency. The technical language of chemistry, medicine, and sanitary science furnishes forth new terms of vilification for all the characters, and the whole is a squalid mass of impossible morals and bad art.

Muriella, the good book, is as was to be expected, a story of the Italian peasantry. With these people Ouida is comparatively sympathetic. Yet the volume is written in no mild spirit. The inhabitants of the mountain region of Le Selve are unflinching shown as absolutely wild, unscrupulous and untamed remnants of the darker ages, scarcely touched by any civilization since the Roman. A really striking plot allows the author to make a contrast between these people and some of the better features of modern life. As steward of the forest estates of Le Selve she sends a young Russian, exiled for political reasons, and full of altruistic theories. Into his administration he tries to bring some order and justice, but gains only hatred for his pains. Muriella alone understands him at all; and this sympathy links her to the culminating catastrophe of the book. The enraged peasantry besiege the steward in his house, and Muriella saves him by bringing the *gens d'armes*. Then her little tragedy of unrequited and unspoken love ends when one of the prisoners, her own brother, breaks from his captors and stabs her. The whole story is brilliantly dramatic without being forced into the region of melodrama. The style is ordinarily concise, the vocabulary in use even chaste, and the whole full of a sense of how passionately Ouida loves her own ideal of moral and physical

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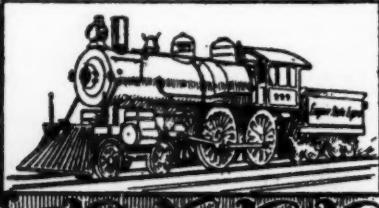
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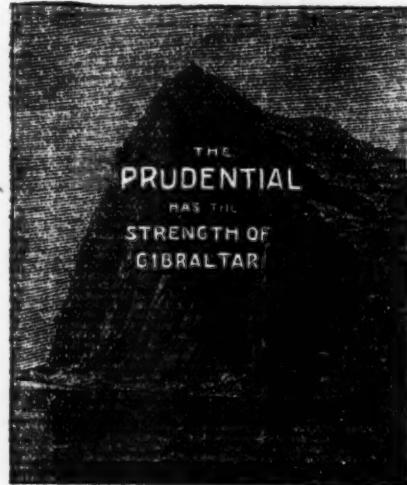
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